

ANNO DOMINI 1923

Christmas

"The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch hung on the old oak wall."

—THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

OH, happy Christmas day---we bid thee welcome. We've been counting the days--yea, even the hours--to hear the bells ring out thy joyful message of "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men." And at last we've heard it. We're now Content; Happy; Thankful.

In every home in the land--from the humble, candle-lighted shack to the marble halls of the castle--there prevails a certain spirit of kindness that only this festive occasion brings. It's that Christmas Feeling of Goodwill toward our Fellow Man. And this is sincere is proven by the smiling faces, the kindly words and the hearty handclaps which greet one on every side.

Verily, all the world is looking on the brighter side of life on this Day of Days; and therefore we, the undersigned, desire to express our feelings as well. We most heartily and sincerely wish you and everybody else in this great community.

A Very Merry Christmas

and trust that our future relations with you will be just as happy as in the past:

A. C. ARMSTRONG
Groceries, Dry Goods, &c.

BANK OF MONTREAL
C. H. Rowe, Manager

FRASER & COMPANY
The Big Corner Store

W. E. WASHBURN
"If It's Hardware We Have It"

Alberta Govt. Telephones
O. L. Michon--Local Supt.

THE BUFFALO DRAY
W. O. Blinn--Prop.

GEROWS DRUG STORE
J. L. Gerow--Prop.

WAINWRIGHT BAKERY
The Cash & Carry Store

Alberta Pacific Grain Co.
R. G. Dunsmore--Manager

M. G. CARDELL
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public

H. HERBERT
Draying and Teaming

WAINWRIGHT CREAMERY
H. L. Hoegh--Manager

ALMA MEAT MARKET
Tom Ramey--Prop.

W. S. CLARK
Complete Men's Furnishings

THE HOME BAKERY
G. W. Hess--Manager

WAINWRIGHT HOTEL
Martin L. Forster

ATLAS LUMBER COMPANY
Joe Welch--Manager

C. N. R. DEPOT STAFF
Geo. Harper--Agent

IMPERIAL LUMBER CO.
M. Fraser--Manager

THE WAINWRIGHT MILL
C. A. Walton--Prop.

S. R. BOWERMAN
Hardware, Paints, Etc.

E. L. CORK
Jeweler & Optician

LUSH'S VARIETY STORE
F. Lush--Prop.

WAINWRIGHT PHARMACY
Pharmaceutical Druggists

THE ELITE THEATRE
W. T. Brunker--Prop.

MACKENZIE & COX
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.

Womens Specialty Shop
M. E. Donovan--Prop.

EMPRESS CAFE
Quan Hall--Prop.

J. C. McLEOD
Furniture & Musical Instruments

THE WAINWRIGHT STAR
W. J. Huntingford--Prop.

H. V. FIELDHOUSE, K.C.
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public

J. G. MIDDLEMASS M.D.
Physician and Surgeon

WAINWRIGHT STUDIO
W. Carsell--Manager

MODEL MEAT MARKET
Jack Brown, Prop.

UNION BANK OF CANADA
G. C. Siddall--Manager

MONTY'S CASH STORE
Groceries & Table Necessaries

PALACE BILLARD HALL
Fred. Gordon--Prop.

THE POST OFFICE STAFF
H. Crampton--Postmaster

A. SAWERS
Dyeing, Cleaning, Pressing

A. SCOFFIELD
Harness & Auto Supplies

GEO. STEEL
Everything for the Table

H. C. WALLACE M. D.
Physician and Surgeon



Rates \$1 up Phone 9101

ROYAL GEORGE HOTEL
101st Street
(near Union depot)

EDMONTON
"The Home of Service and Comfort"
Make your reservation
for the Fair with us

WHEN visiting Edmonton be our
guests and hear our Radio Concerts
every evening.

Free Bus to and from all trains

CITY LAUNDRY

Sanitary Methods
Is our model of business

Cleanliness
and next workmanship assured

Suits Cleaned
and pressed; prices unbeatable

We solicit your patronage

Wong Sam
Manager Third Ave.

The Christmas Table

BY A WELL KNOWN CHEF

"Christmas comes but once a year," and we might add, "with cakes and cheer," for certainly holidays cakes are an important item in the festive preparations. When guests drop in during the holiday week, or as home made gifts to those alone at a distance, or as filling for horns and boxes cakes and cookies are valued and appreciated.

Before sharing any large quantity baking of this type be sure and have all tools and supplies in readiness. The meat chopper is indispensable in cutting suets, raisins, orange peel, etc. Sharp knives a good grater, wooden spoons for mixing, and an egg beater in perfect order are necessary. Be sure that all ingredients, spices, nuts and flavorings are of the best quality; that you have the pan for the particular mixture as many a batter which will bake to perfection in a deep single mould will fail if placed in a flat shallow one.

In baking cookies it is well to use some form of "cookie sheet," which is an iron strip cut to fit the size of the oven with either a rolled edge or a flange to make its handling more easy. Two such sheets used at a time cut the baking efforts in two. Cutters of every shape may be bought to make the cookies in funny shapes, even animals, and Santa Claus himself being obtainable in cookie form.

All dough for cookies and similar very thin baked mixtures should be chilled thoroughly for several hours or allowed to stand outdoors all night. This makes the dough much more crisp and easy to handle. A kink used by one housekeeper is to mold the entire dough into a long slender roll and let stand in a cold place overnight. In the morning cut the roll into thin slices and bake at usual temperature. This method saves a great deal of time for rolling out and cutting though only a round cookie can be made by this plan.

All dried fruits, such as raisins, currants, etc., should be well shaken in flour before adding to any batter. The small sultana are better than the seedless raisins for all such baking, since they are dry and do not become soggy in the loaf or cake. Of course all fruit mixtures take much longer to bake than the usual cake and must be baked slowly for several hours at a moderate temperature, while small cakes and cookies are to be baked quickly at a hotter temperature and require a much even fire or heat or they will scorch. Most fruit mixtures, and those with spices, are greatly improved by keeping, so it is not too early now to think of making holiday cakes. Honey is an ingredient particularly suitable for festive cakes and should be included. Many historic forms of ginger bread and drop cookies are

made with honey, which has the peculiar quality of keeping the dough moist. Honey and ginger as flavoring will result in dozens of delightful variations in cookies and those flat cakes which have half an almond stuck in the middle.

Another distinct type of cake is shortbread, originated in Scotland, and having a crumbly, buttery texture all its own. It is quite easy to make and in small patties or squares is much like Molasses, of course, is popular with children and a simple molasses dough may be cut into endless shapes and with a sharp knife made into figures of good St. Nick and other shapes appealing to children. Brushing over these doughs with unbeaten white of egg before baking makes the dough shiny and glossy.

Prefer to use loose bottomed cake pans or those which have a "slide" on two sides permitting air to cool the bottom. The best plan is to always invert a cake before trying to remove it from the pan. This practice pulls the cake from the pan by its own weight, and helps it cool so that it will not be broken when removed.

CHERRY SAUCE

One quart cranberries, 2 cups boiling water, 2 cups sugar. Boil sugar and water together for five minutes skin, add the berries and cook without stirring until they are translucent.

PLUM PUDDING

2 cups flour, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons of baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon cloves, 1/4 cup walnuts, 1/2 cup raisins, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup of milk, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1/2 cup citron, 1 cup raisins.

Mix well together and pour into buttered pudding mold, filling it not over half full. Cover the mold tightly, steam two hours and serve with sauce.

CHRISTMAS POUND CAKE

A scant cupful of butter, creamed, into which a cupful and a half of flour is sifted and mixed gradually. Then the yolks of five eggs are beaten and then gradually added a cupful and a half of powdered sugar. The two mixtures are then combined, the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff, added, and in teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in. A teaspoon of vanilla is added, the whole is beaten thoroughly, turned in to a buttered deep cake pan and baked for an hour in a moderate oven.

For the frosting, beat a cupful and a half of cream in half a cupful of water, without stirring until syrup will thread when dropped from treble of a spoon. Pour the syrup slowly on the well beaten whites of two eggs heating constantly, and continuing to beat until the mixture is of the right consistency to spread. Then add half a teaspoonful of vanilla, and spread evenly on cake.

Pound cake is, upon the whole quite as satisfactory as the much richer and more expensive fruit cake for Christmas, it is carefully made and daintily frosted and decorated.

A PLUS FILLED COOKIES

1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup molasses
1 egg
1/4 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 cup honey
1/2 cup shredded cocoanuts
1/4 teaspoon cloves
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon flour
Few grains salt
3 cups pastry flour

Cream shortening and sugar, add molasses, egg well beaten and the sour milk. Sift together flour, soda and 1/2 teaspoon salt, baking powder and spices and add to first mixture. Mix thoroughly and chill an hour before rolling. Roll out thin, cut in strips, about 2 by 4 inches, spread one-half lightly with filling and fold over to form square. Bake about 20 minutes in moderate oven. To make filling mix together cocoanut (or nut meats may be used) with honey, one teaspoon of flour and few grains salt.

HONEY GINGERBREADS

1 cup sugar
1 cup honey
1 cup butter
1 egg
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon ginger
Pinch salt
About 4 cups flour

Blend butter, sugar and honey; add beaten egg and mix stiff with flour in which dry ingredients have been sifted. Add as much flour as possible. Drop by teaspoons on a greased pan and bake in moderately hot oven.

ANISSEED JUMBLES

1/2 cup of butter
1 cup of sugar
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 cups bread flour
1 cup sour cream
1/4 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 ounce aniseed

Cream butter and sugar, add egg well beaten and salt. Sift together flour and baking powder and add to egg and sugar mixture, then stir in

SING A SONG OF CHRISTMAS

Sing a song of Christmas,
Gladdest day of all;
O'er the hills and valleys
See the splendor all;
Sing of gleaming holly;
Sing of mistletoe;
Sing a song of Christmas
Everywhere you go.
Sing a song of Christmas,
Holy, happy day,
Sing of Bethlehem's manger
Where the Christ Child lay.
Sing of love unbounded
"Peace good will to men."

Sing a song of Christmas
O'er and o'er again.
Sing a song of Christmas;
Even on this glad day
There are grieves and heartaches
All along the way
Hearts that wait for uplift
Of your note of cheer—
Sing a song of Christmas,
Strong and sweet and clear,
THE forest in a whisper spoke,
Vine to flower and pine to oak,
From holy hills Jerusalem
To where, upon its leafy hem,
The humble village clung—
Calm Bethlehem, dark, yet like a gem,
Enwrapped with light, as jewels are,
By trembling radiance of the star.

The trees a coming wonder told
While yet the birds, their songs unsung
Dreamed of the coming of their young.
But, though of splendor bright
The forest breathed, its boughs were hung
With sable shade; no tapers beam
Cast through that dusk its happy gleam
Enwrapped with light, as jewels are,
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LOW FARES

**EASTERN CANADA
CENTRAL STATES
& PACIFIC COAST**

We will be pleased to give you full details, and assist you in planning your trips, make reservations, etc., etc.

WAINWRIGHT, PHONE 26. GEO. HARPER, LOCAL AGENT

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Xmas Shopping!

MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

Canada's Finest Quality; in Fancy Packages of Assorted Sizes, provides a dandy Christmas Token for your Mother, Father, Sister, Brother and in fact Anybody you wish to remember at this holiday season. A FULL ASSORTMENT OF...

XMAS CANDIES MIXED NUTS

CIGARETTES CIGARS &c.

Let us do the thinking for you by placing your order with us Remember—We appreciate your business always, and stretch your Dollar Bill so that it goes farther.

KEEP US IN MIND WHEN BUYING FOR XMAS

EAT MORE BREAD

WAINWRIGHT BAKERY

CASH AND CARRY

PHONE 68

**BRING YOUR JOB
PRINTING TO THE STAR**

Christmas Needs
FOR THE HOUSE WIFE

Have you given a thought to your needs for Christmas. All of the family will want the best of things to eat and the correct place to obtain your supplies of General Groceries, fruit Candies, Etc. is at the

EMPRESS CAFE
MAIN ST.
WAINWRIGHT
Quon Hall, Prop.



Elite Theatre

FRIDAY & SATURDAY (this week)

FIRST NATIONAL PLAYERS

ENTITLED

POLLY of the Follies

COMING SOON COMING SOON

BLIND HEARTS

A GOLDWYN SPECIAL

MONDAY & TUESDAY (Next Week)

WILLIAM RUSSELL in Fox Feature

ENTITLED

Wilbert's Compromise

ALSO

Sunshine Comedy

Dandy Dan

**Always the Best In Filmdom
SHOWN HERE**

Look Here, Folks!

A good old-fashioned Christmas dinner calls for a delicious stuffed Turkey, roasted to a crisp brownness, with the trimmings and everything. Surely that's the kind of a holiday feast you are looking forward to.

And you'll have it too, if mother selects the Turkey - from our fresh and carefully selected Poultry offerings. Our prices:

TURKEYS—20c A POUND DUCKS—20c A POUND
GEES—20c A POUND CHICKENS—15c @ 18c A POUND

Alma Meat Market

TOM RAMEY

PROP.

GO TO CHURCH

ST. LUKE'S (R.C.) CHURCH
Pastor - Fr. R. G. Lemire

Mass is celebrated at Wainwright at 9 a.m. At Paradise Valley each 1st Sunday, at Heath each 2nd & 4th Sunday and at Gilt Edge each 3rd Sunday

St. Andrew's Church
PRESBYTERIAN
Rev. J. A. McLagan, Pastor

SERVICES NEXT SUNDAY
11 a.m.—Morning Service.
12 noon—Sabbath school all grades
3 p.m.—Sydenham school.
7:30 p.m.—United Xmas Service

Grace Methodist Church
Rev. G. Pybus B.A., Pastor

Services on Sunday next
11 a.m.—House Lake school
1:45 p.m.—Tratfalgar.
3 p.m.—Greenshields
7:30 p.m.—United Xmas Service

The Salvation Army
Lieuts. G. Lock and M. Johnson
INSIDE MEETINGS
Saturday at 8 p.m.
Sunday school at 2:30 p.m.
Sunday at 7:30 p.m.
COTTAGE MEETINGS
Tuesday and Thursday at 8 p.m.
OPEN AIR MEETINGS
Sunday at 10:15 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.
Tues., Thurs. and Saturday at 7:30

St. THOMAS' CHURCH
ANGELICAN
Rev. Andrew Love, vicar

11 a.m.—Morning service.
12 Noon—Sunday School
7:30 p.m.—Evensong.

Special services will be held on Tuesday next (Christmas Day) as follows:
8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Holy Communion.

"They say that everybody is more or less superstitious. How is it with you? Do you believe in signs?"
"Believe in signs? Rather! I make my living pointing them."

HOW DOES YOUR LABEL READ? Is It Paid In Advance?



XMAS AND New Year's Greetings
May the next Twelve Months see you wearing a Perpetual Smile—and a visit to the
Wainwright Studio
will bring you happiness and prosperity in perpetuity
Wainwright Studio
W. CARSELL, MANAGER

WAINWRIGHT--EDGERTON-- CHAUVIN CO-OPERATIVE Livestock Shipping Associat'n

MARKETS ARE STEADY ON PRIME BEEF & HOGS HIGH
Ship Through Rour Association & Take Advantage of Pools.
AT YOUR SERVICE—MORNING NOON & NIGHT

J. E. HILL, farmers' shipper

In Wainwright Every Saturday. Phone 1505 or Write

"T", the Spirit in which the gift is rich! are the words of the wise

**The Spirit of our Wishes, then
For Joyous Christmas Cheer,
To each and everyone alike,
Is Rich in being Sincere.**

WOMEN'S SPECIALTY SHOP

Phone 74

Main Street

Transfer Young Buffalo

Approximately 2,000 young buffalo from Wainwright will be rounded up next spring and sent to the wood bloom park in the Slave River country next spring, it is announced.

Canadian Nation's Earnings

Gross earnings of the Canadian National Railways from January 1st to November 14, 1923, have been \$219,337,831.87, an increase of \$18,850,486.83 as compared with earnings for the corresponding period of 1922.

C. G. M. M. Vessels Busy

Practically all of the services of the Canadian Government Merchant Marine have done very well during the present season, according to an announcement made by Capt. E. B. Tedford, Marine Superintendent. "Business has been good, not only on the ocean routes but also on the Great Lakes," Capt. Tedford stated, "our smaller vessels having been employed everywhere to good purpose. The service to Australia and New Zealand has shown particularly good results."

Wheat Exports Increase

More than 3,000,000 bushels of Canadian wheat were exported to the United States during October as against 1,716,000 bushels in October last year. Total October exports of wheat from Canada were 29,970,447 bushels as against 27,592,074 bushels in October 1922.

Crop Marketing Records

More than 300,000,000 bushels of the 1923 crop had left the farmers' hands by the end of last week, it was estimated by railway officials in Winnipeg. On November 21st of this year the Canadian National Railway reported total marketings on their western lines since September 1st of 132,333,000 bushels as against 108,972,000 bushels in the same period last year. Canadian National deliveries at the head of the Lakes this year are showing a daily average total up approximately 230 cars higher than during the same period of 1922.

FOR SALE

USED RECORDS, EXCHANGED.
Twenty for dollar; also new records for old; bargain catalogue free; records in twenty foreign languages.
—Record Exchange, Winnipeg. 19

ESTRAY NOTICE

SUITABLE REWARD OFFERED for information leading to recovery of Red Yearling Steer with horns and two Red and White Yearling Heifers with horns; all branded "C2 over X" on right ribs.—Telephone R1915, or write Wm. Hansen, Battle View P.O., Alta. 26-12

STRAYED

STRAYED TO THE PREMISES of N. Merrick Three Head of Cattle no visible brand.—Owner can obtain same by proving property and paying expenses. 19-12

WANTED

Advertiser will buy Shares of British Petroleum Limited
State number of Shares and Price to
Box "T"
Wainwright, Alta.

Soldiers Making Good

Soldier settlers in the western provinces are making good and are optimistic as to the future, according to L. S. Boyd, chief inspector of the branches for the Soldiers' Settlement Board, who has just completed a tour of the west. The majority of Saskatchewan and Alberta soldier settlers have already made this year's payments on their land and a large number have paid up arrears which in many cases were not expected this year.

An increase of approximately 100 per cent over the corresponding period of last year, is shown by immigration figures for the first ten months of 1923, according to official figures issued from Ottawa. During the first nine months of this year 106,973 new entrants were brought to Canada and it is anticipated that of this number fully 100,000 will be permanent settlers.

H. W. Wood Gives Out Statement Of U. F. A. Troubles

H. W. Wood, president of the United Farmers of Alberta and chairman of the permanent board of directors of the Alberta wheat pool, in a statement yesterday afternoon, explained the position of the U.F.A. financially, and also insofar as it relates to politics in the provinces, in answer to various charges.
"Is there any movement within the U.F.A. organization to have the organization withdraw from active participation in the political affairs of the province?" he was asked.
"I don't know of any such movement," was the reply.
"Is the U.F.A. in serious financial difficulties?"
"The U.F.A. is in rather strained circumstances at the present time so far as ready cash is concerned, but there is nothing to be alarmed about," Mr. Wood answered.
"Is the U.F.A. in debt to the extent of \$9,000?"
"I am not able to get the exact figures but I understand it is a little less than \$9,000, not counting the Home Bank deposit as an asset," he replied.
"To what do you attribute the decrease in the membership of the U.F.A.?" was another question.
"Primarily to the unprecedented financial conditions that have existed during the last two years," he said. "This has been accentuated by undivided efforts of the farmers during the past three months in harvesting and threshing the Alberta crop of grain."



Your Chance

to obtain High-class

Xmas Gifts

See our big display of
**SILVER & PLATED WARE
OUT GLASS & CHINA
CLOCKS FOUNTAIN PEN
WATCHES JEWELRY, &c**

E. L. Cork
JEWELER & OPTICIAN

STEAMSHIP TICKET AGENCY

TICKETS TO ALL PARTS
OF THE WORLD

Agent For All Steamship
Companies

Drop In and Let us Talk It Over

GEO. E. HARPER Agent
WAINWRIGHT

CANADIAN NATIONAL RLWS

FUNERAL



J. C. McLEOD
Funeral Directors and Em-
balmers. Complete stock of
funeral supplies. Prompt and
careful attention exercised.
Second Avenue Wainwright

Draying & Teaming Flour and Feed

— GIVE US A TRIAL —

W. O. BLINN
THE DRAYMAN PHONE 106 WAINWRIGHT

THIS CHRISTMAS make it a Gift of Good, Useful

HOME FURNITURE

We also have a goodly supply of

TOYS For The KIDDIES

J. C. McLEOD
FURNITURE AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
SECOND AVE. WAINWRIGHT

SAVE MONEY by buying AT SAWER'S

We have good full lines in Fresh

WINTER UNDERWEAR,

in 2-piece and combinations; all sizes and priced right.

WOOL SHIRTS, PANTS, MITTS, &c.

An inspection of these goods will convince you of the wonderful value

CLEANING :: PRESSING :: REPAIRING

A. SAWERS

Second Avenue. PHONE 109 Wainwright

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

The Last Call! Only FOUR Shopping Days left! May we suggest—

SUSPENDERS ARMBANDS GARTERS (in neat Xmas boxes)

FUR-LINED MOCCA GLOVES HANDSOME SILK & WOOL MUFFLERS SILK HOSE

SILK & KNITTED NECKWEAR (in all colors)

BELTS WITH PLAIN & INITIAL BUCKLES (boxed).

SILK & PURE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS

FANCY ALL-WOOL SWEATERS in all styles and colors

and lots of nice things that men prefer to anything else you could buy them. Come in and let us show you.

W. S. CLARK

MEN'S WEAR

WAINWRIGHT

Possession is Better than Stale Memories of Spending

**4¹/₂ p.c. Savings
Certificates**



**PROVINCIAL
GUARANTEE**

¶ Purchase Province of Alberta "DEMAND SAVINGS CERTIFICATES."

¶ They bear interest at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent. per annum.

¶ They are issued at par in denominations of \$5, \$10, \$25, \$50, \$75, \$100, 1,000 and \$10,000.

¶ They are redeemable at par on demand at the office of the Deputy Provincial Treasurer.

¶ They are backed by ALL THE RESOURCES OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA.

Remittances should be made by marked cheque, money order or postal note. All cheques at par.

For further particulars, write to or apply to

HON R. G. REID
Provincial Treasurer,

W. V. NEWSON
Deputy Provincial Treasurer

LOW FARES OLD COUNTRY SPECIAL TRAINS

FIRST TRAIN from Winnipeg, November 21, to Montreal, for sailing of S.S. "Regina" Nov. 24 to Liverpool; S.S. "Antonie" Nov. 24 to Plymouth, Cherbourg, London.

SECOND TRAIN from Winnipeg Dec. 6, 1923, direct to Ship's side Halifax for sailing of S.S. "Ansonia" Dec. 9 to Queenstown, Liverpool; S.S. "Doric" December 9 to Belfast, Liverpool.

THIRD TRAIN from Winnipeg, Dec. 11, 1923, direct to Ship's side, Halifax, for sailing of S.S. "Pittsburg" Dec. 14 to Southampton, Cherbourg, Bremen; S.S. "Canada" Dec. 15 to Glasgow, Liverpool.

THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

for following sailings:
S.S. "Regina" (Montreal) Nov. 24 S.S. "Doric" (Halifax) Dec. 9
S.S. "Antonie" () Nov. 24 S.S. "Pittsburg" (Halifax) Dec. 14
S.S. "Ansonia" (Halifax) Dec. 9 S.S. "Canada" (Halifax) Dec. 15

We will be pleased to give you full details, and assist you in planning your trip, make reservations &c.
G. HARPER, local agent Phone 26 WAINWRIGHT

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LEGAL

H. V. FIELDHOUSE, K.C.,
BARRISTER

Solicitor, Notary, etc., Wainwright
Edmonton, Chauvin. Special attention
given to the collection of
accounts. Money to Loan.

MACKENZIE & COX

BARRISTERS SOLICITORS
NOTARIES PUBLIC
Money to Loan

Main Street Wainwright

M. G. CARDELL

BARRISTER—SOLICITOR
Notary Public, Commissioner
Money to Loan
Main Street, Wainwright

MEDICAL

H. C. WALLACE, M.D., C.M.

Physician and Surgeon
Post Graduate of Montreal and
Liverpool
Phones—Office, 55; House, 68
Wainwright - - - - - Alta

MATERNITY HOME

MRS CATHERINE HORNE
is prepared to take
MATERNITY AND
HOSPITAL CASES

SECOND AVENUE
Phone 79 Wainwright

DENTAL

DR. H. L. COURSIER
Dental Surgeon

Post Grad. in Block Anesthesia,
Plate and Bridge Work
Every Thursday at Edgerton

WAINWRIGHT LODGE
NO. 45, L.O.O.F.

Meets every Monday night at
8 p.m. in Oddfellows Hall over
Washburn's Hardware.

Next Meeting—Second Degree

Visiting brethren always welcome

J. WILKINS, N.G.
P. MURRAY, Secretary.

The Wainwright Star

W. J. HUNTINGFORD
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three insertions for \$1.50 payable in
advance.

WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA DECEMBER 19th, 1923

A MERRY XMAS

TO YOU ALL

On this happiest of all days, when
every hospitable roof throws wide its
doors when hearts dilate with the glow
and warmth of the blazing hearth and
when the warm grasp of friendship
welcomes us all with that rare charm
of Christmas spirit, who of us is able
to resist this joyful call of happiness!

In such an atmosphere we become
as children and live again the happy
days and see again the same dear faces.
Indeed, it is a season, when not merely
the fire of hospitality should be kindled
high in the hall, but higher still
should flare the genial flame of kindly
charity.

To a great many hearts does Christ-
mas bring a brief period of unbelieve-
able happiness and enjoyment. For it
is now that whole families, whose
members have been scattered far and
wide, are once more united, and meet
again to awaken old recollections and
to enjoy once more the simple, homey
pleasures that the holiday brings.

Let us forget all selfishness now and
give something of ourselves to those
less fortunate. In doing this we will
find happiness by the road of right
understanding. To replace the lavish
giving and extravagant celebration we
shall make service our gift to humanity.
Service is more and more becoming an
expression of the true spirit of Christ-
mas.

Let us take care in seeking that high
er expression of ourselves not to for-
get little children. To them belong the
gifts and gay festivities of this joyous
day. In remembering as many kiddies
as possible we are placing our gifts at
the feet of One whose birthday we cele-
brate at this time. Who gave us every
thing in contributing to the human
heart His message of boundless, univer-
sal love, teaching us to believe that it
is the strongest thing, in the world
And in doing for others, we are keep-
ing Christmas.

"And if you keep it for a day
Why not always?"
But you can never keep it alone.

THE EDITOR

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Christmas proper is never a day. It
is really a week, or about a month.
When the almanac says December has
come, then all hearts begin to feel the
presence of that midwinter festival.
Each day adds to this feeling.

The Romans perceived that one day
did not contain all the import of the
mid-winter gayety. Their Saturnalia
continued seven days. It began as a
one day celebration and was observ-
ed Dec. 19; but, as it was soon found
that brief period was a cup too small
to contain the wine of pleasure, it
was extended to three days. At last it
was enlarged by the Emperor Claudius
so as to take in the 26th. In form the
festival has now been changed back in-
to the one day shape, but in reality
Christmas is much larger under our
presidents than it was under Claudius
and Caligula.

It is a real midwinter period and
may well be looked upon as a type of
the public happiness or the public mis-
fortunes of a given date. In the early
Christian church it became a single
day, because being asked to stand for
the birth of Jesus it had to be a formal
day rather than a week, but no such
limitation could keep it from having
adjacent times which partook of its
spirit as dawn partakes of day—Pro-
fessor David Swing.

The Story of the Magi.

The story of the Magi, as it is given
by the evangelist Matthew, is aston-
ishingly brief and unadorned. He tells
us without preface that when Jesus
was born in Bethlehem certain foreign-
ers arrived at Jerusalem.

He does not tell us how many they
were nor of what race nor of what sta-
tion of life, although it is fair to infer
from the consideration with which they
were received at the court of Herod
and from the fact that they carried
treasure boxes with them that they
were persons of distinction.

The most important statement in re-
gard to them is that they were Ma-
gians—that is to say, disciples of Zoro-
aster and members of the sacred or
priestly order of Persia, which was
then widely scattered among the ori-
ental nations and included men of ex-
alted rank. They came from the east,
a word which to the dwellers in Pale-

stine could hardly have any other mean-
ing than the ancient region of Chalde-
lyng beyond the Jordan and the desert.

Their explanation of their journey to
Herod was that they had seen an ap-
pearance in the heavens (whether one
star or many or a comet they did not
say) which led them to believe that
the King of the Jews had been born,
and they had come to do reverence to
him. Herod was greatly troubled at
hearing this and sent for the chief
priests and scribes to inquire where
the prophets had foretold that the
Messiah should be born.

They answered at once that Bethle-
hem was the chosen place. Then Her-
od, having asked the Magi how long it
was since they first saw the ap-
pearance in the sky, sent them away to
Bethlehem, promising that when they
had found the young Christ he also
would come to do reverence to him.

Having set out on their journey they
saw once more the celestial sign, and
its motion was such that it guided
them to the place where Jesus was
coming into the house—for Joseph
had now found better shelter than the
stable—they saw the young child with
merry. Then, being warned in a dream
selves before him in worship. Opening
their treasure chests, they presented to
him gifts of gold and frankincense and
myrrh. Then, being warned in a dream
not to go back to Herod, they took an-
other road into their own country.

The conjunction of the planets Jupiter
and Saturn is one of the rarest of
sidereal events. It occurs only once
in 800 years. This conjunction, all as-
tronomers agree, happened no less
than three times in the year 747 A. U.
C. shortly before the birth of Christ.

It may be that we have here in this
"fairy tale of science," a confirmation
of this beautiful story of religion, a
hint and trace of.

He light that led

The holy elders with their gifts of
myrrh—Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke.

Mineral Mixtures
And Meat Meals
For Bacon Hogs

EXPERIMENTAL FARMS NOTE:
The availability of mineral matter
for the proper nutrition of hogs is of
vital importance and the normal de-
mand for such in the development of
frame and also in the functioning of
the vital processes is strikingly ap-
parent when such is lacking, more
particularly with young growing pigs
and brood sows.

The lack of an adequate calcium or
phosphorus supply is not immediately
apparent, but after a more or less
will be manifested by a general debility
and lack of tone in the animal and
this followed by decreased produc-
tion.

Of all classes of livestock hogs suffer
more frequently because of their
inability to utilize bulky roughages
these roughages being a vital source
from which to draw sufficient mineral
constituents to maintain the body re-
quirements. The cereal sources are
low in calcium and unless this con-
stituent is supplied from another
source such a ration may be found
unsatisfactory, if used exclusively.
The addition of succulent foods, such
as roots, beet pulp, molasses, etc. and
also leguminous roughages such as
clover or alfalfa hay, is necessary,
because of the mineral content of
these feeds, among other reasons,
and such cannot be too strongly ad-
vocated for winter feeding and when

NEW LAMP BURNS

94 p.c. AIR

BEATS ELECTRIC OR GAS

A new oil lamp that gives an amaz-
ingly brilliant, soft, white, light, even
better than gas or electricity, has been
tested by the U. S. Government and
35 leading universities and found to
be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps.
It burns without odor, smoke or noise
—no pumping up, is simple, clean
safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common
kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, J. G. Johnson, 579
McDermott Ave. Winnipeg, is offering
to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE
trial, or even to give one FREE to
the first user in each locality who will
help him introduce it. Write him to-
day for full particulars. Also ask him
to explain how you can get the agency
and without experience or money make
\$250 to \$500 per month.

pasture crops are not available milk
by-products rank high as sources of
mineral matter and are a valuable
supplement to the grain ration.

Other sources of mineral matter
such as bone meal, meat, meal, tank-
age, ground limestone, rock phosphate,
fish meal, charcoal, etc. are more ex-
pensive but valuable sources upon
which to draw.

The exact amount of these last that
should be supplied has not been de-
finitely determined. With the ob-
ject of obtaining some information on
this matter, therefore, five lots of
hogs totaling in all twenty head were
fed on a ration composed of ground
oats, 2 parts; ground barley, shorts
and middings, each 1 part; and oil
meal 3 per cent, supplemented with
skim-milk. Lot 1 was used as a
check on the other four lots each of
which was fed a mineral meal in a
self-feeder. Lot 2 being fed tankage;
Lot 3, meat meal; Lot 4, fish meal;
and Lot 5, meat and bone meal.

During the first period of 69 days
on the above ration the hogs consumed,
5.53 per cent of tankage, 9.45 per
cent of meat meal, 4.72 per cent of
fish meal and 2.51 per cent of meat
and bone meal with the exception
of the last lot made, .02 to .1 of a
pound greater daily gains than the
check lot. These results indicate the
percent of these mineral meals which
the hogs consumed when fed the
above meal ration supplemented with
skim-milk. They also indicate that
the hogs which were fed these min-
eral feeds required somewhat less
meat to produce a pound of gain in
weight, the check lot requiring 2.29
lbs. the tankage lot 3.84 lbs. the meat
meal lot requiring 1.78 lbs. the fish
meal 1.96 lbs. and the meat and bone
meal lot 1.83 lbs. of meat to produce
a pound of gain while the milk con-
sumed was 5.38 pounds for the check
lot and an average of 4.88 for the
mineral-fed lots per pound of gain
produced.

Open Door Immigration

Partial removal, at least, of the
barriers against immigration to Can-
ada is expected to result from the
conference between federal and provin-
cial officials in Ottawa during the
week. Prospects are that Canada,
during next summer will be called on
to welcome a flood of immigration,
the like of which has not been ap-
proached since the pre-war period.

WAINWRIGHT FURNITURE CO.

(OPPOSITE FIRE HALL)

Offers for sale during the next Two Weeks all Second-Hand Goods
comprising:—

SIDEBOARDS, CHINA, CABINETS, WASHSTANDS &
DRESSERS, RANGES, STOVES, HEATERS,
COAL OIL & GASOLINE STOVES,
TABLES, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, & SPRINGS
MATTRESSES, CHILD'S CRIBS ETC.

And Large Assortment of Other Useful Articles, which will all be sold
to make room for a Big Shipment of New Stock

What's This?

A New Year's Ball

When? New Year's Eve
Where? Elite Theatre
What Time? 8.30 p.m. till 2 a.m.
What Orchestra? Splendid Five-Piece
Any Supper? Sure, The Best
What's the Admission? \$1.50 per couple, incl. Supper

Who's Running It?
The Walter Musson Chapter, I. O. O. E.
and
You Are Assured of a Good Time

WE ALWAYS PAY CASH FOR YOUR CREAM

WAINWRIGHT CREAMERY LTD.
WAINWRIGHT ALTA

THE EMPRESS CAFE
AND BAKERY

Good Meals 35c
Good Rooms

Ice Cream Parlor Open

(CORNER OF FIRST AVE. & MAIN ST.)

QUAN HALL, Proprietor

For the Little Tots Xmas

Can't you just picture the smiles of your
youngsters when you show 'em a bag of
our delicious Candies on Christmas Morn-
ing.

Grant them that happiness by order-
ing your full supply today.

We have also a line of Toys and novel-
ties which will gladden the hearts of the
Kiddies at this Happy Yuletide. All lines
of reasonable Fruit at reasonable prices.

Fred Gordon



Shop Where You Are Invited To Shop

AND

BRING YOUR JOB PRINTING ORDERS TO "THE STAR"

CHOICE ROASTS

One of our choice Roasts—of an
weight—would make the ideal meat
item for that Christmas dinner of
yours, madam.

We can also supply your wants
in all kinds of Poultry and the dress-
ing for same.

JACK BROWN



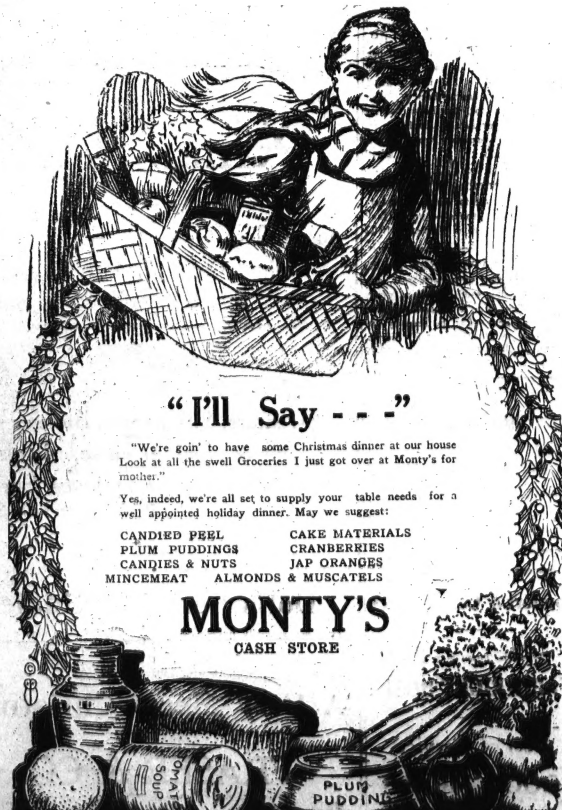
"I'll Say - - -"

"We're goin' to have some Christmas dinner at our house
Look at all the swell Groceries I just got over at Monty's for
mother."

Yes, indeed, we're all set to supply your table needs for a
well appointed holiday dinner. May we suggest:

CANDIED PEEL CAKE MATERIALS
PLUM PUDDINGS CRANBERRIES
CANDIES & NUTS JAP ORANGES
MINCEMEAT ALMONDS & MUSCATELS

MONTY'S
CASH STORE



Xmas Remembrances

THAT ARE

Pleasing and Practical

WE INVITE YOUR INSPECTION OF OUR STOCK

PYREX WARE
The Guaranteed Ovenware

PERCOLATORS
Big assortment to choose from

SEE OUR ASSORTED
POCKET CUTLERY
(300 of these to choose from)

ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE
COMMUNITY PLATE
The Aristocrat of the Dinner Table

FOR THE XMAS TURKEY
We are offering some
REAL BARGAINS
COVERED ROASTERS

WASHBURN'S
IF IT'S HARDWARE WE HAVE IT

A LARGE NUMBER OF CASSEROLES
In Various Styles

A WORTH-WHILE GIFT
"Stainless" Steel
TABLE KNIVES
Absolutely Guaranteed
They will not Rust

THE GUARANTEED LINE
in
Automobile skates
Hockey sticks, Etc.

Why, It's a New Suit!

"No one would ever think you've worn that suit newly a year, John!"

"I should say not. The ROSE people certainly do beautiful work when it comes to dry cleaning, don't they?"

"Well, I told you you would be better satisfied if you sent this suit to them. It wasn't any trouble to send it away; now wasn't it?"

"You win, Mary. You can send any suits to ROSE just as often as you like."

ARTHUR ROSE LTD., handle out-of-town work just as readily as that which comes direct from Saskatoon and Regina. Simply forward your material by mail or express, put in a slip with your name and address and our instructions regarding cleaning or dyeing. Our acknowledgment with estimate of cost goes back by return mail, and the finished work is promptly forwarded to your address.

Send to office most convenient

Arthur Rose Limited
SASKATOON & REGINA
"If ROSE cleaned it—it's CLEAN"

COAL

Headite Lump - \$5.30
Big Valley Nut - \$4.50
Drumheller Nut - \$6.50
Marcus Stove - \$6.00
Marcus Lump - \$6.40
Black Diamond Lump - \$7.30

THE KIND THEY ALWAYS USE AFTER THEY TRY ALL THE OTHERS.

STORM SASH & STORM DOORS

All Made of Lumber, Paper Beaver board and Plaster board to repair your home for the winter.

MURESCO will make your walls cheerful for Christmas.

Atlas Lumber Co. Ltd.
HOME BUILDERS
PHONE OFFICE 57; J. WELCH, Agent
RES. 93

Interesting Local Notes

BORN—To Mr and Mrs Clifford Church, on December 5th, a son.

BORN—To Mr and Mrs W. Jerram, on December 14th, a daughter.

BORN—To Mr and Mrs A. D. Wilson, at the Horne maternity home, on December 16th, a son.

Mr and Mrs Cecil Hines who motor to Edgerton from Newark Ohio have now returned home and are spreading the good news of the oil strike after a very enjoyable 8,000 mile trip.

Get your skates sharpened at the Harness Shop. Skates left at noon are ready at 4 p.m.—A Scofield.

Dr Cousier wishes to inform his clientele that he will not be at office during the two weeks commencing December 22nd, and asks that they make arrangements accordingly.

Mr Reader—Don't pass up such a golden opportunity. Our town will shortly be filling up with people from the outside looking for homes and building sites. Get one or two now! Now! It'll pay you.

The ladies of the Catholic Women's League held a successful sale of home cooking on Saturday last and with that and their afternoon tea collected something over \$30.

We have pleased our many customers; why not you? We handle the famous Penn, Black Gem and Big Diamond coals. Give us a call at the Imperial yard.

Those who are in arrears with their town taxes should see to it that their properties are not allowed to slide into the tax sale. Caveats will be registered by the town secretary against all such properties on December 21st.

Farmers—Would you bet \$10,000 against \$5—that your buildings would neither burn nor be struck by lightning for a year. We charge you \$5.00 per \$10,000 per year for this protection. See Joe Welch, phones 57 and 93.

NOW OPEN for Business

We wish to announce to the public of Wainwright and District the opening of the New

Home Bakery
with a Full Line of
BREAD, CAKES, BUNS, PASTRY, &c.
G. W. HESS, Manager
PHONE 132

Have you ever heard of Penn Coal being sold at \$9.00 per ton? The Imperial yard has it and also handles Black Gem, Big Diamond and Dinant Coals.

Mr James Whitecroft, an oil man from the Californian fields, has been in town during the past week looking over the Wainwright oil field in the interests of a large drilling company which he is representing.

Christmas concerts—Tonight (Wednesday), St. Andrew's Presbyterian; tomorrow, Greenhills; and Friday, Grace Methodist. Quite a busy time for Santa, and a week out for the wee folk, too!

Christmas Presents—suit every requirement at Lusk's Variety Store.

Mr Joe Wynn was in town from Doley at the beginning of the week on some very important business.

We are showing a lovely line of Hodnut's and Day-Dream Perfumes, Compacts, Toilet Combinations, etc.—Gerow's Drug Store.

Sympathies are being extended to Mr and Mrs Lagerquist on the death of their daughter Edna, whose funeral was conducted on Saturday by Rev. G. Pybus of Grace church.

Mr Geo. Stanley, who some time ago left for California via the Ford car route, only got as far as McLeod and then decided in view of the possibilities of the new oil field that Wainwright still looked too good to leave!

You will save money by placing your coal orders now with the Imperial yard. Prompt service, honest weight, and our prices are the best where quality is considered. Phone 10.

Has your fire insurance been renewed. Is the policy expiring. You can't afford to take chances. Insure with Joe Welch, phone 57.

GEROW'S DRUG STORE

ONLY FOUR MORE SHOPPING DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS

You are invited to call on us; to look over our Stock of Presentation Goods; to see for yourself that our liner will appeal to the most particular as to quality and price.

MANY LINES OF OUR
XMAS GOODS marked at Bargain Prices

Finally, we sincerely wish all our friends and customers

A Very Merry Christmas

TRY **GEROW'S Drug Store** FIRST

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking our many customers for past patronage during the year just closing, and wish one and all

A Merry Xmas and Prosperous New Year

Sole Agents for The Famous **PENN COAL, BLACK GEM, BIG DIAMOND, and DINANT COALS.** The Best There Are! LUMBER & BUILDERS' SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

BETTER LUMBER FOR HOME BUILDING!
Imperial Lumber Co., Ltd
PHONE 10 MEL, FRASER, mgr. Res. phone, 101

MURINE
Keeps EYES
Clear, Bright and Beautiful
Write Murine Co., Chicago, for Free Catalog

Dr Wallace spent a few days in the city on business at the week end being accompanied by Mrs Wallace and the children.

Get your supply of Black Diamond coal now as when the real cold weather comes it may be hard to get. Atlas Lbr Co., phone 57.

Mr Leonard Moses, from Lac la Biche, is a guest at the home of his brother, Constable Moses, A.P.P.

Mr and Mrs William McKay, jun., left town on Sunday for a short stay in Edmonton.

Black Diamond lump coal is the best coal we can buy. Sold by Atlas Lbr. Co. phone 57 and 93.

Mr Whitecroft expressed himself as very highly pleased with the prospects here and expects to be back again early in the New Year.

Mrs Warren Peterson, with her daughter, left on Monday for California where she will join her husband.

Mrs A. Haney and Mrs J. Tolmie have been visiting in Edmonton for a few days.

Arrangements are going ahead quickly for the big New Year's ball which will be staged by the Walter Mussion chapter I. O. O. F. E. in the theatre on the last night of the year.

By the installation of quite a large number of new phones during the past two weeks, Wainwright must hold the record on a per capita basis.

Keep four home warm for the Xmas festivities with Black Diamond coal from the Atlas Lumber Co., phone 57.

Messrs Goulet and Fieldhouse took a flying trip to the city last week by motor. The roads are still in splendid shape.

Mr Geo. Stanley, who some time ago left for California via the Ford car route, only got as far as McLeod and then decided in view of the possibilities of the new oil field that Wainwright still looked too good to leave!

You will save money by placing your coal orders now with the Imperial yard. Prompt service, honest weight, and our prices are the best where quality is considered. Phone 10.

Has your fire insurance been renewed. Is the policy expiring. You can't afford to take chances. Insure with Joe Welch, phone 57.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE, CHEAP, 2 1/2 h.p. I.H.C. Gasoline Engine; this was in use in the rink, being used only for pumping purposes, and is in a good state of repair; having been replaced by electric motor, the Town has no further use for same.—Apply to H. Y. Pawling, secretary-treas. Town of Wainwright. 26-12

SKATE GRINDER FOR SALE; cheap for cash; for hand or power; has extra stones.—Apply Jack Brown, Model Meat Market. 19-12

TURNING LATHE FOR SALE; 35-inch; fitted with back gear, gap bed, self-acting saddle, division plate, drill chuck, slide and hand rest and overhead gear.—Can be seen by application to Mr William H. Horne, Fifth avenue, Wainwright. 19-12

WANTED

Wanted at once, BOY as apprentice to the Printing Trade.—Apply at "Star" Office. 11

Comfort & Convenience

When in Town stay at the
WAINWRIGHT HOTEL

Best of Service
GOOD MEALS

M. L. Foster Prop.

We have positively the best assortment of gift articles for

Christmas

See our lines of

FANCY GOODS CHOCOLATES PERFUMES
FANCY STATIONERY TOYS FOR KIDDIES
A Big Range of KODAKS and ALL SUPPLIES
FRENCH IVORY CUT GLASS and CHINA

We'll be pleased to have you come in and look around

Wainwright Pharmacy
LIMITED

G-R-I-S-T-I-N-G

DON'T FORGET THAT NOW IS THE TIME TO GET YOUR SUPPLY OF FLOUR FOR THE YEAR.

We are GRISTING every day and will save you money if we have your trade. It will pay you to investigate!

Flour will cost you around \$2.25 instead of \$3.75 if gristed at the mill GRISTING 30¢ per bushel

"QUEEN OF THE WEST" FLOUR: \$3.10 AT THE MILL

Wainwright Flour Mill
C. A. WALTON PROP.

FRASER & CO.

DRY GOODS, LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR
MEN'S & BOYS' FURNISHINGS,
Boots and Shoes

NO NEED TO WORRY
COME TO FRASER'S

We have a wonderful assortment of pretty and useful articles suitable for

Xmas Gifts

FOR MEN

Suspenders, Garters, Belts,
Handkerchiefs, Armbands,
Silk & Wool Scarfs, Slippers
All nicely boxed and ready for your gift distribution

FOR LADIES

Handbags, Handkerchiefs,
Sweaters, Silk Scarfs, Blouses,
Silk & Heather Hose, Beads,
Vanity Boxes, Gloves, Slippers
Nearly all these lines are in fancy boxes and make nice useful gifts

FOR THE KIDDIES

We have a wonderful lot of

Dolls For The Kiddies

They are specially priced and pretty enough for the most particular

And now we want to wish you, One and All

A Very Merry Christmas

FRASER & CO.

MAIN STREET

WAINWRIGHT

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE

She was just a dancing girl. Every night she danced on the brilliantly lighted stage; danced in fairy-like, floating draperies, which made her look like a beautiful butterfly, dancing and flitting in the sunshine with wide-spread wings. But to-night, as Mignon danced, there was something troubling her. Glad she was when at last the curtain fell, amidst again the roses, and a shower of flowers, fell at her feet.

Once in her dressing-room, again she seemed to become depressed by something. Slowly she changed her wonderful dancing dress for a simple, out-door costume. And this is what was troubling Mignon. To-night was Christmas Eve, and she was lonely. She would go home, to her beautiful home, and spend this evening alone. That was her choice; rather than mix with the gay, laughing friends she knew.

She remembered the dear, old-fashioned Christmas Eves she had spent in her own home, when a little child how she had hung up her little stocking over the mantle-piece for Santa Claus to fill, and how they had all shared

in the decorating of the big, beautiful Christmas tree. But that dear old home was gone now, and she could never go back there for Christmas.

Slowly she made her way out to the street door, and stepping into the street mingled with the merry-faced, laughing crowd of Christmas shoppers. Suddenly she paused to gaze into a brilliantly-lighted shop window. A wonderful shop window! A fairy-land of toys! As she stood there, a wistful look crept into her eyes. Then she became aware that she was not the only one gazing at those wonders.

A little boy stood beside her, his tear-stained face pressed close against the glass, watching with wondering eyes, a little train running around upon a miniature railway track.

He was just a little boy. His head was bare, and little dark ringlets clustered around his thin, dark little face. But the thing about him that first attracted Mignon's attention, were his eyes. Such round, tearful eyes! And such sad eyes, pools of sadness, hardly the eyes of a little child. Mignon bent over him, and touched him on the shoulder. With a start the

child looked up, lifting those sorrowful eyes to hers.

"Why do you cry?" she asked him, "you shouldn't cry on Christmas Eve, you know, or Santa Claus may not put anything in your stocking."

"Santa Claus? Who's Santa Claus?" he asked.

"Don't you know who Santa Claus is?" she asked in amazement.

"No," he replied gravely.

"Well, don't you know who sends all your presents to you at Christmas time?"

"No, no one ever sends me anything at Christmas time—and, Oh! Isn't that the wonderful little train you ever saw? I'm going to have a train like that when I grow up."

And then a wonderful thought quickly shaped itself in Mignon's mind.

"Wouldn't you like to have one like that now, for your very own?"

He looked at her in surprise. "Why how could I?" he breathed.

"Come with me, and we'll see," she replied, and taking his hand in hers, they entered the great, wonderful shop together.

A few minutes later they emerged, Mignon's arms full of mysterious brown paper packages, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, and beside her was the little boy, his tears forgotten, and a great happiness dawning in his childish face.

"Do you think your mother would mind if you came home with me to-night?" she asked him.

"Mother mind, why I haven't got a mother!" he said.

"Then come," she answered, "we will go home."

A few minutes later the wondering child entered Mignon's home. A home that seemed to be different to her, in some way, now; there was a something there that had been missing before, and laying down her bundles, she gently undid his thin, damp clothes, slipped them off him, and wrapped him in a big, warm dressing-gown of her own.

"Now," she said, "as tomorrow is Christmas, we must have a Christmas tree, mustn't we?"

"Oh, could we? You are such a wonderful fairy, we seem to have every thing."

"No, I am not a fairy, dear," and there were tears in her eyes. "But I am just trying to make a little boy happy on Christmas Eve." She crossed the room and pressed an electric button. A moment after the door was opened by an old servant.

"James," said Mignon, "you are to go out quickly, and buy the biggest Christmas tree you can find, and buy

some pretty things, so that we can decorate it."

The servant fixed astonished eyes on the little figure kneeling on the rug before the fire, but he made no comment. Presently he withdrew softly closing the door behind him, but there was a smile on his old face.

And while Mignon and the little boy waited the coming of the Christmas tree, she sat beside him and told him the story of Christmas. How many, many years ago, a little baby had been born in a manger, and that Christmas was his birthday. The child listened with wondering heart to all she said, but when at last she told him that she wanted him to stay and live with her always, and never go back into the cold streets again, he looked up with such a radiant smile, that it brought tears to Mignon's eyes.

Then, the tree arrived, and Mignon and the boy decorated it together, and their happy laughter filled the room. They hung long strings of pink and white, popcorn all over it, and wonderful little bells, and steamers of gold and silver tinsel, until it really looked like a fairy tree.

"And now," said Mignon, "we will hang up our presents on it, but we mustn't open them till to-morrow, you know for to-morrow is Christmas Day!"

When at last everything was finished, Mignon seated herself on a low chair before the fire, and gathered the little boy into her arms, and held him tight, and he laid his tired, happy little head on her shoulder, with his

arms held tight about her neck, and slowly the Sandman came and threw the dust of sleep into his eyes.

Long Mignon sat with him in her arms, loathe to lay him down. Now she would have someone to care for someone to whom she could hurry home to, someone who would be waiting there and longing for her coming. And thus, on Christmas Eve, Mignon found her great happiness.

Forget It

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,

A leader of men, marching festive and proud,

And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud

Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed.

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away

In a closet and guarded, and kept from the day

In the dark, and whose showing would cause grief and sorrow

Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay—

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

The courage to take hold when all looks promising may be largely hope and enthusiasm.

The holding on when the prospect has grown dark and the way is hard is something far braver and stronger.

THE END OF ALL

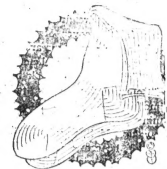


A joint of buffalo for the Canadian Christmas dinner may soon become as typical of the feast as turkey and roast beef have been for so long. A large number of surplus animals from the Dominion reserve in Alberta are now being slaughtered for the Canadian market, and as soon as meat is available it will be placed on the menus of all Canadian Pacific dining cars and hotels. The test to which the buffalo meat will thus be put will definitely decide whether the herds can be commercialized or whether the sentiment alone justifies their preservation.

What to Get Him For Christmas

Let us solve "His Gift" problem for you. Our well-defined holiday display includes more than enough suggestions to make a present-shopping trip an easy task.

All we ask is—that, you SHOP EARLY. It means prompt and courteous Service—and Right Prices.



Why not—as a Christmas Gift—give him a half dozen pair or more of Silk or Wool Hose, such as we offer.



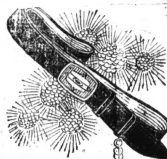
Something he can never have enough of. See our variety in Silk, Madras and other attractive materials. Splendid values.



Highly desirable to every man or boy are the many nifty creations we have in our Neckwear section. Both four-in-hand or bow Ties in the latest colors and materials.



A couple of our Union or Two-Piece Suits of woolen or worsted Underwear will surely please him.



A monogrammed or plain buckle Belt will strike his fancy.



No question but what he would just as soon receive a pair of fine Gloves as a Christmas Gift.



An ever handy Gift—these all-wool or silk Mufflers in plain and mixed color combinations.

A. C. Armstrong, = WAINWRIGHT

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOME

It was one evening about a week before Christmas. The fire was burning with a jolly crackle. The girls were all in bed and the house at peace for the first time in twelve hours.

Everything made for contentment for mind and body, but the subject of the monthly bills had reared its ugly head in our midst and Celia and I had differed on main issues.

In exasperation I had threatened to give her for Christmas a treatise on Domestic Economy, and she had speedily retaliated by suggesting that "Hints for Husbands" would not be out of place for me. Yes, relations had been a bit strained.

When Celia's wrath had somewhat abated and she had arrived at a "I do—my best—but—you—don't appreciate it" stage, she again took up the question in a quieter key.

"You like plum pudding and Christmas cake," said she, "and you like mince pies and are ready to make yourself ill on meringues; and I do want to make you a lot of nice things this year, so the store bill is bound to

be a bit bigger just now."

"So it is," I agreed, "it's bigger in the spring because Easter comes then, and you feel it your imperative duty to provide all your friends and relations with expensive eggs made of every material but the original lime, sulphur and albumen. Then, in the summer months, we have a succession of visits and visitations from the jaded folk from our great cities. And, in the fall, if it isn't extra sugar for jam, it's a trip to the dentist, and—"

"Well," broke in Celia, "if you want rice and prunes on Christmas Day, say so. I don't mind. But we must give Mr. Judd something, and the Bloxhams kids, and the usual pipe for Mr. Clutterbuck, and—"

"Margaret here lifted up her voice from her bedroom, where she should have been fast asleep. 'Father Christmas has been fast asleep. 'Father Christmas' she announced, 'is going to bring me a pram and a shooter and an express wagon and a sleigh and a dump cart and three dolls—' she paused for breath.

"After all," said Celia at the end of "Christmas only comes once a year." The retort was too obvious, so I just wriggled my toes in my slippers and said nothing.

Later in the evening I remembered,

with a sinking feeling, that I had forgotten to include my present to Celia in the list. I knew quite well what she wanted, but, as the articles in question are only mentioned with propriety in the advertisement pages, I shall not allude to them here. However, I bought them and thereby reduced the balance to fifty-three cents.

And, on the great day itself, with its holly and crackers (and preparations for dinner), all horrible bills were forgotten, Margaret was so overjoyed with the pram, and the paint box that such small things as a new house and an aeroplane were quite forgotten.

Celia was all the more delighted with the crutches I had given her because she believed that I had forgotten all about them. Clutterbuck retailed with a pipe and a box of chocolates, which he does every Christmas; and Bloxham sent along a ham of his own curing, spiced with a bit of the smoking and a bit cut about in the quartering. I'll admit; but you mustn't look a gift pig in the eye—no, of course not. But breadcrumbs and a paper ruff worthy of Queen Elizabeth, hid its deficiencies and made it look like the real article.

The unmarried and enthusiastic Judd arrived with an armful of toys, mostly musical.

"I used to love banging things when I was a nipper," he said, as he unpack-

ed a big drum for Margaret; and "give him this to suit if you can't find his bottle," he added, bringing out a mouth organ for the next in order.

"He meant well," commented Celia after he had gone.

But the surprise of the day was Celia's present to me of a really topping wrist watch, with my initials in neat block type on the back of the case. My guileless mind jumped to the immediate conclusion that the dear thing must have saved in secret for ages.

My imagination soared; I imagined her doing without all sorts of things, stockings and shoes and—and—all sorts of things, just because she knew how badly I wanted a watch.

My real and fervent thanks were received by Celia, with a smile that seemed to say, "You didn't think I had it in me, did you?" But, in the small hours of the morning, when the candles on the Christmas tree were warped and weary and the carpet glistened with the debris of coloured glass balls and tinsel, the demon doubt took possession of me.

"Did Celia really do this for me?" I repeated to myself. "Or—? Or what?" No solution offering itself readily I cursed myself for a suspicious brute and suggested aloud that it was high time for bed.

It was only some weeks later when we were going out to drive with the

Bloxhams and Trunk, that lady who "gave him this to suit if you can't find his bottle," he added, bringing out a mouth organ for the next in order.

It was a cold night, and, as my British Warm was being used as a spare blanket for Margaret, I suddenly remembered the coat that Uncle Edward had sent me last Christmas. I had put it away in a trunk in the spare room.

But, the coat sent by Uncle Edward to me wasn't in the trunk. Neither, by the same token, was a brand new suit sent at the same time. There were one or two other things missing too. I was beginning to see daylight.

Celia was never one to meet trouble half-way; she was standing in the doorway as I rose from my knees. For a moment we looked at each other in silence.

"Well," she said, "it was much too small for you anyway."

GOOD OLD SANTA CLAUS

"Ugh! It's freezing!" said Santa Claus, as he jiggled his chin in his great fur coat, and bristled a snowflake from the end of his nose. "Hurry up, Brain!" with a good push behind. "Now I'm off!" and soon his sparkling snow crushed and cracked under the runners of the sleigh.

The long streamers of the Northern Lights were soon left far behind, as all night Santa Claus was driving with his reindeer over the frozen snow, as

swift as lightning.

But Santa Claus knows of all the little boys and girls who lay dreaming of him.

Of course he did. For there is one wonderful thing about Santa Claus which no one is ever able to explain. Although only one, he is able to turn himself into thousands, at the same time. Just think how many places in has to visit, and how short a time in which to do it.

Isn't that just like the sun! There is only one big bright orb, but his warm beams fall upon thousands of different places all at once.

So Santa Claus seems to be everywhere at once, in the most marvellous way.

All night Santa Claus was busy, for when the moon beamed, as much as to say, "I know," and the clock chimed twelve, he came in at the door and through the window and packed the

Did you see him come or go? I didn't!

Santa Claus was back in Fairyland, sitting beneath the Christmas tree, thinking hard, for he was tired, and rather sleepy.

"Now, children, you can all become a little Santa Claus. Are there no poor folk living close to you, whom you can help? Look up all your old toys or books, and see if you cannot make someone else happy this Christmas time."

How Christmas Came to Millicent Ann

Millicent Ann had an old doll, a very old doll, it had belonged to her mother before her. The doll's name was Dora, and Dora was as ragged and as dirty as Millicent Ann herself. But as you have seen a dog that faithfully stuck by a poor family that maltreated and underfed him, so Dora the doll went on living hopefully and pluckily with people who never touched a sponge to her smudged and sooty face or thought of giving her a new dress or a new wig that did not show the chessboard hair and there where the hair had come away.

"For the fact is, in Millicent Ann's family there was no money to be frittered away on a body that had been fed once, and for all with sawdust and never cried for food, or for lack of a baked potato. There were too many little living bodies in that house that were always wanting something—too many small hands to be mitted and feet to be shod. Worse than that, there were voices that were lifted as quickly as the flame of kerosene lamps from a soiled stick when anything went wrong—and something was always going wrong.

Millicent Ann was eight, and Sarah Jane was four, and Baby Jim was two—so Millicent Ann had to do all the giving in and the giving out, and about all she had left in the world was the turkey-dressed doll, and Dora, and a strong belief that every dog she met was her friend, and a smile that wouldn't come off and set and frozen, expressionless features of Dora.

Millicent Ann believed in Santa Claus, as she believed in fairies, she had never met a fairy, but she had seen and spoken with Santa Claus. He stood on a cold, windy corner, dressed in turkey-red like the stuff of which her dress was made, and she had a long white beard, and he rang a bell to call attention to a kettle by his side, and every now and then Millicent Ann saw somebody pounce and drop something into the kettle instead of taking something out. Millicent Ann wished that she dared to peek over the edge and find out what it held.

"Where's the sleigh 'n' the reindeer?" she asked, not doubtfully, but hopefully, as though he had them hidden somewhere just out of sight and might ask her to take a ride.

"Had to leave 'em behind," said Santa, in a thin and quavery but good-natured voice.

"Ain't you got any presents for people in there?" asked Millicent Ann, pointing to the kettle.

Santa Claus shook his head. "That's to buy things with," he said. "That's to put things into, not to take 'em out. It's the Salvation Army," he explained.

Millicent Ann had no idea what the Salvation Army meant. She did not see any sign of a soldier or a gun. She would not have been afraid anyway, for the eyes of the saint were mild and blue as the sky, and it was plain that he was fond of little girls, and would protect her against an army, if one came.

"If somebody goes 'n' puts somp'n' in that kettle, does anybody get it?" asked Santa. "We give people bread and meat and chickens and potatoes and shirts and stockings and shoes and things."

"Can anybody put somp'n' in?" asked Santa.

Millicent Ann was lost in thought. "Don't you ever get cold 'n' hungry sometimes yourself waitin' for people to put things in?"

"Oh, yes," said Santa cheerfully. "I don't mind."

"Why not?" persisted the little girl.

"Came it's for the Lord," Millicent Ann lifted her eyebrows in surprise. "I didn't know you worked for anybody."

Santa stopped ringing his bell long enough to laugh heartily. Then he grew solemn again.

"It's the best job there is," he said. "I'll tell my father about it," said the child. "Do you think the Lord could find somp'n' for him to do, too?"

"Ain't got no doubt about it," Santa said, positively.

Millicent Ann went home and wrote a letter on a piece of brown paper, with the family pencil:

Santa Claus stood with his back to the curb, and Millicent Ann was exclaiming to let him see that she was crying, so she went all the way around the block and tipped up behind him while he carelessly inhaled the bell and lifted the loose grating on the kerf and plopped the doll in. Then she ran away with her finger in her ears, for a mother can hear her child calling when nobody else can.

"Why, what is this?" said a soft and sympathetic voice to Santa Claus, a few minutes later.

It was the voice of a very beautiful and richly clad young woman, daintily stepping across the sidewalk to her limousine and pausing to drop a coin into Santa's kettle.

With the hand that was not hidden by the enormous white muff she pointed at it: then, dilapidated form of Dora, protruding among pennies and nickels at the bottom of the kettle.

Dora must have been very much ashamed of the contrast between her ragged estate and the Beautiful Lady when Santa Claus, with an exclamation, dragged her forth by her shoelaces left foot and held her up to the admiring daylight.

The Beautiful Lady read the letter that was impregnated in Dora's dress. "Here," she said to Santa Claus, handing him a dollar bill, "you take this and let me have the doll."

Santa Claus hardly knew what to make of a gift of such magnitude. "God bless you, lady," he said fervently, "you can have the doll and welcome. I don't know it was there, but maybe a little girl I was talking to just now stuck her in 'n' then ran away."

"The beautiful Lady put Dora inside her muff. No doubt the quarters seemed dark and cramped, and Dora would have been going—bustled what a warm and velvet-scented luxurious ride, and every now and then Millicent Ann saw somebody pounce and drop something into the kettle instead of taking something out.

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With a cry of joy and thanksgiving at once, Millicent Ann reached for the doll, and clasped her to her fastidiously. Then she remembered that Dora had come home empty-handed.

"I thought—maybe—Santa Claus would—"

"I know," said the beautiful lady gently. "I read your letter. See what I've brought."

It was unbelievable. Father, mother, the ladies and Millicent Ann had to keep pinching themselves to make sure they were not dreaming. The beautiful lady must have imagined or found out about the whole family. There were warm things to wear for everyday—soft, furry, things like this Christmas angel's two—things that Mrs. Dobson had told the children that princess wore in the fairy tales. Mrs. Dobson had to remember the stories, for they had no books in the house except a Bible and a few old almanacs. Then there was a most wonderful dinner, part of it all ready to eat—a roast turkey with potatoes,

other vegetables and oranges.

What a feast it was. The beautiful lady would not stay to share it with them. But before she went she took Mr. Dobson aside.

"My father will give you a position on the railroad," she said, "if you will come to his office at 9 o'clock tomorrow and bring this card."

At this remarkable Christmas feast Dora sat at the head of the table in an old abandoned high chair. Her wavy features actually seemed to have relaxed into something like a smile—there was color in her cheeks from the outdoors and the exercise.

Millicent Ann rose with her cheeks full of turkey and cranberry sauce, and went to where Dora sat and threw her arms around the doll and hugged and kissed her.

"You did it, Dora; you were the one that brought us Christmas. Wasn't she, mother? Isn't she the most beautiful, loveliest doll there ever was in all the world?"

THE END

A Child's Xmas Tale

EXPRESSLY WRITTEN BY ONE OF THEM

One cold December evening a little girl stood shivering out the doorstep of a handsome residence. Her dress was ragged and torn, and her little feet and hands had no protection or covering whatever. She lay crouched on the doorstep in a miserable heap, and none of the passersby paid the slightest attention to her.

Inside the residence, in a warm, cosy sitting room, a lonely widow sat mourning for her only child. This was Christmas Eve, and two years ago she had received the last tidings of his death. He had died bravely fighting in the Great War, and his mother loved to retrospect upon the happy days of his childhood when little hands and feet had done their best to render her happy.

Little Gertrude, for that was the name of the poor wail on the door-step, was alone in the world. A few hours later she was returning home to her mother, but she had found her sick grandmother dead. Exposure and overwork had killed the poor weak body at last. Gertrude, horrified at the monstrous deed had fled from the streets and had last overpowered by fatigue and cold, she had sought shelter under a friendly doorstep.

The slow hours wore on obliviously to the sorrow or suffering of the world. The lady of the house took her lamp at midnight and wrapped a shawl about her head to see what the weather was like.

To her amazement she nearly stumbled over a bundle of rags which lay

hunched up on the doorstep. She lowered the flickering flame in order to discover what it might be, and was surprised to find a poor wail of seven or eight soundly sleeping, in spite of the cold.

Touched by pity the lady wrapped the child in her shawl and lifting the wail in her arms brought her into the house.

She bathed the poor chilled little body in warm water, and after a brisk rub with a towel wrapped the child well up in a blanket and carried her up to bed. The child was too weak to protest, and the widow managed to feed her with some hot gruel before she went off to sleep. Her dreams were all of wondrous palaces of gold, for she was never to know the shadow of care again.

Before retiring the widow opened her window wide and gazed out into the night. The night was clear and starry, and a golden moon was gliding softly across the dark expanse of blue.

The widow mused upon this peaceful scene for a while and then knelt down and prayed to God that she might have the little wail for her own, to guard and care for and verify in the days to come God answered her prayer for her and a golden moon was gliding softly across the dark expanse of blue.

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Before retiring the widow opened her window wide and gazed out into the night. The night was clear and starry, and a golden moon was gliding softly across the dark expanse of blue.

The widow mused upon this peaceful scene for a while and then knelt down and prayed to God that she might have the little wail for her own, to guard and care for and verify in the days to come God answered her prayer for her and a golden moon was gliding softly across the dark expanse of blue.

The slow hours wore on obliviously to the sorrow or suffering of the world. The lady of the house took her lamp at midnight and wrapped a shawl about her head to see what the weather was like.

To her amazement she nearly stumbled over a bundle of rags which lay

hunched up on the doorstep. She lowered the flickering flame in order to discover what it might be, and was surprised to find a poor wail of seven or eight soundly sleeping, in spite of the cold.

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The Spirit of The Yuletide

The Spirit of Christmas glided softly into the city of Everyday at dusk on Christmas Eve.

There was a brisk, happy stirring of humdrum-laden people along the brightly lighted streets, and the sound of children's voices made music on the frosty pavement.

A wonderful Christmas was in prospect, for there had been a fine good-will crop. And when the good-will crop is a success, a splendid Christmas is assured, you know.

The Spirit of Christmas passed up one street and down another looking for a home into which no goodwill blossoms had been gathered, for there, she knew, she would be needed.

At last she stopped at one of the humblest homes in the poorest street in the whole city, and entered. Surely she would be needed to work some magic in such a home! It was so small it seemed as if there would hardly be room to garner even a crop of goodwill—and goodwill, as you know, takes up very little room, though the aroma of it spreads a long, long way.

A man and woman and several little children were grouped around a rickety table, upon which stood a basket and many homely parcels.

"We must share what we have with our neighbor who is poorer even than we are, and who, besides, is a stranger in a strange land," said the man, as he began to fill the basket. The woman went to a drawer and took out some little white woolly garments with the smell of lavender clinging to them. She held them lovingly in her rough hands for a moment and a mist sprang into her eyes as across her memory flashed the echo of a lady's fan. Then she put the garments into the basket with a smile. One child dropped in a torn picture-book, another a new top and another something else until all had contributed to the basket.

"No work remains for me to do here said the Spirit of Christmas, as she slipped out into the street again. The woman flashed the echo of a lady's fan. Then she put the garments into the basket with a smile. One child dropped in a torn picture-book, another a new top and another something else until all had contributed to the basket.

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FOR THE KIDDIES AT BEDTIME

THE LITTLE OLD MAN WHO COMES IN THE NIGHT

He comes in the night! He comes in the night! He softly, silently comes; While the little brown head on the pillows so white.

Are dreaming of bugles and drums He cuts through the snow like a strip through the foam. While the white flakes around him whirl;

Who tells him I know not, but he finds the home. Of each good little boy and girl. His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide.

It will carry a host of things, While dozens of drums hang over the side. With the sticks sticking under the strings.

And not the sound of a drum is heard, Not a single blast is blown, As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird.

And drops to the hearth like a stone The little red stockings he silently fills. Till the stockings will hold no more; The bright little sleds for the great snow hills.

Are quickly set down on the floor. Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird.

And glides to his seat in the sleigh; Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard, As he noiselessly gallops away. He rides to the East, and he rides to the West.

He glides to the East, and he rides to the West. He catches the crumbs of the Christmas feast.

When the dear little folks are done, Old Santa Claus doth all that he can. This beautiful mission is his. Then, children, be good to the little old man.

When you find who the little man is. PINK AND YELLOW

"Peggy," whispered Angela, "do you hope your dolly will be dark or fair?"

"Dark," answered Peggy decidedly; "and I want her to wear a pink frock—I want it decidedly because it will match the cover of my buggy and erode curtains. Your are white, so any color will go with them."

"Yes, but I like pink best," "Come, come, who's talking?" said mother from the other room; "past nine o'clock and you children still awake. If it wasn't Christmas—ev' I should be cross, I can tell you."

The little girls laid down immediately. Peggy did not go to sleep. She waited till Father Christmas came.

Then she saw that a doll all in yellow was in her stocking, and one in pink in Angela's. So she exchanged them. But as she was getting into bed again she knocked the pink doll against the bedpost; when she looked it had a broken arm. She stuck it together, but it still showed a horrible crack.

Then she said, "It is not my dolly after all," and put them in their right places again.

When she awoke she found Angela nursing a yellow dolly, and the pink one in her own stocking. She nearly cried with horror at the sight.

"Oh, Peggy," Angela said, "I put the doll that had the pink frock into the yellow frock, so I have her and you have the one you want. Aren't you pleased, Peggy?" she said.

But now Peggy was crying for shame. How different was her sister's spirit! How like the Savior's!

"Don't cry," said Angela, "it is Christmas; I will give you all my pink clothes to match it. I am having the yellow doll, and her name is Buttercup, and I will soon make her arm well again."

Rough Wisdom

"There ain't no sense in gettin' riled just like little frettin' child, but if you're really mad 'n' wild, shove on a grin as tho' you ain't mad. It things go wrong 'n' won't come right."

"An' you're dead broke 'n' ain't no money; why, then put up a dashed good fight. An' do yer best with all yer might. Maybe yer stock is on the slump. Well, don't get rattled off yer chunk. The broke who's allus got the hump, ain't never gont o' call a trump."

"So don't let on at gettin' riled, just like that little frettin' child. But if yer must get mad 'n' wild, shove on a grin as tho' you ain't mad."

"Norah, you must always sweep behind the door."

"Yes! I always do. It's the sanest way of getting the dirt out of sight."